The Hore Season 3 Companion

I don't know exactly what compelled me to write this season this way about this story. I announced this season almost on a whim in the Theatre of Tomorrow episode Hertz (you can hear Mark's surprise on mic when I do) and even then the vague idea of this strange cold 'origin' story was all I had. In 2020 Pacific asked about ToT for his Midnight Disease artwork, I told him The Hotel was easier to produce and I had a new season in mind. So that summer I wrote season 3 with no idea that there was any kind of fandom at all, locked in quarantine slowly going crazy, I wrote this based on a loose outline. My concept is this is the birth of the Hotel.

Whenever she was born, her birthday, her making an earthly building setup and staff to kill humans, whatever that is for her. Except it was wrong. It doesn't go how it's supposed to. It doesn't do how it did 'the first time'. The gibbering creature with the wrong number of limbs is many things to many listeners, but to me that is the Hotel herself, visiting her birth the same way you or I would remember a nice day. She's not bothering to perform as building or guest or anything at all, expressing herself only as the most basic biological thoughts she can. A 'creature', who speaks by gibbering. Violent biomass that disrupts everything. It's the beginning of everything, but also very clearly takes place after season 1 and 2. (and also, now, perhaps season 6.)

Cold wind blows. Snowy footsteps. Ragged but even breathing.

THE MANAGER
I arrive, finally, at the place it will be. A jagged mountain, almost invisible against the night storm. Frozen and obsidian limbs threaten to shred my coat with tugging fingers. I don't slow down. Something else is pursuing me. It hasn't stopped, so I haven't stopped. I thought I could find safety to rest, but every time I sidled I could hear it, just barely, on the wind.

Distantly, an inhuman bellow.

THE MANAGER (CONT'D)
So I didn't slow down.

Breathing harshens, the footsteps speed up.

THE MANAGER (CONT'D)
The snow at my ankles started crackling with each step. The space between the trees asserted itself more and more.

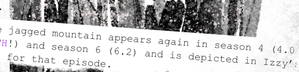
A man screams in the forest.

THE MANAGER
And it got just a little bit darker. I have arrived at the place it will be, but it has not arrived yet. I'm here, and very soon, something else will be too.

She walks through the brush.

The man, and the beast, bellow together.

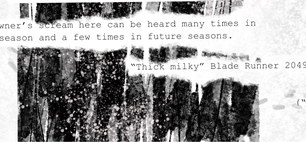
THE MANAGER (CONT'D)
It's almost completely dark now. I try to break a branch from a tree.



The jagged mountain appears again in season 4 (4.0 WFTH!) and season 6 (6.2) and is depicted in Izzy's art for that episode.

The creature gibbering, like the powers that be, are Mark.

In my head the gibbering sounded like the scene in the 6th Sense where Bruce Willis is listening to the ghost on the tape. A whimpering, crying, mumble. I like what Mark did much better.



The Owner's scream here can be heard many times in this season and a few times in future seasons.

Just wind.

Very distantly, that scream again. The Owner's scream.

THE MANAGER (CONT'D)
I set to work, preparing for the construction of the lobby. For a long time, I hear it out there, in the dark wind.

The gibbering is present, persistent, and close.

THE MANAGER
I can feel when its looking at me. I can feel when it gets closer, but I don't stop working. I don't dare stop working.

Creaking wood, stretching slowly.

THE MANAGER (cont'd)
The little shed stretches into the dark. The frozen trees flex their branches away. The wind rolls like a dropped blade in the dark, cutting through deadly nothing. The ground is strong and deep...The egg doesn't crack open, but the shell expands and the yolk inside can spread like thick milky emptiness. My room expands, but a little.

The wood creaks loudly.

THE MANAGER (CONT'D)
It's hard labor and the fire must not be ignored this time.

The fire grows with a flare and a creak.

"Thick milky" Blade Runner 2049 reference!

("this time"??)

One of my very favorite episodes.

This episode pulled elements from a prequel to The Shining I was outlining for fun. The hammering of th> bones of the Overlook was imagery I had for a teaser trailer. This Stephen King influence is also why there are 'no turtles' specifically.

Puseated!

I'm so curious who these workers are. Staff? Guests? Are they the trees of the forest, come to life to hammer their brethren together in Her name? (An idea explored later with the Concierge in the Badlands)

The Manager's music plays.

Distant hammering of many hammers.

THE MANAGER
(gasp!)
I've never woken up before. I remember a nightmare about something in the dark and the entire right side of my head tingles. Then the tingle and the nightmare are gone, leaving a hole behind I cannot live in. It's not night anymore. I can't see the sun. I can never see the sun. But I can see the valley and the snow. The clearing where the black barked trees were. The creek that runs through is going to be destroyed too. Eaten by the Hotel as the builders build. The creek is empty. No turtles, no fish. No birds in the woods. Just the timber and the work. The Hotel is taking shape. It looks like the ribs of something that died here and rotted out. Like maybe nothing lives here because the dead behemoth's puseated its rot and gore into the ground. It is not of nature, so nature died when it touched it. But there was never any nature here. There was never anything else here. Just the Hotel. The men see me watching and work harder.

The hammering intensifies.

Her ragged breathing continues under her speech.

Another 'goblin stares are you from a distance' moment. I think it is one of the scariest things a goblin can do. Even in broad daylight. (You ask Michael Meyers or the Spinosaurus)

One of the hammers stops.

A man yells as he slips and lands with a splat.

The hammering continues.

THE MANAGER (CONT'D)
I feel better already. I'm not trying to ignore them. I'm trying harder. But I need them to hammer me together anymore. Another one misses his grip and—

Another man yells and falls with a splat.

Then another.

And a third.

THE MANAGER (CONT'D)
By the time the fourth man's blood had soaked into the wood, I saw one of my feets. I pictured more men falling.

A man yells and falls.

The hammering builds loudly, and the gibbering creature returns.

THE MANAGER (CONT'D)
It's still here! It's still here. The nightmare is watching me, far off, standing on a downed tree. It's mouth is covered in red jelly and splinters. I can see it's breath. The tall dark wood of the Hotel is still too far to get to. So when it comes for me, I don't run.

The idea of 'the bleeding to that blood' to grow stronger is an idea explored here but dismissed by season 4 when the Hotel is presented as doing things more 'because she's kooky'

The Manager's music plays.

THE MANAGER
I step out of my office and into the lobby. Compelled, something out here is....It's where I belong. We were made for each other, and being anywhere else feels unnatural. Or it would, if I had ever been anywhere else. All I know is the Hotel. It extends endlessly beyond these walls, my lobby walls, as familiar to me as my own face. Unlike my face, the lobby has changed many, many times. The Hotel has an accommodating flexibility that makes each and every guest feel welcome. No matter what shape it assumes, I also feel it's welcoming wreath. The cring air keeps a respectful distance from my skin so when I glide across the floor my movements feel frictionless. It moves when I move and together we fold the petals of our trap around the countless dead in service to only ourselves.

I open the guest book and run my hands along its sharkskin rough pages, trying to feel the shape of the next name that gets written within. I try to imagine the guests silhouette floating over the lobby tiles from the front door. What's beyond those doors, and what do the guests bring in here with them?

The wet noises turn to moans and soft whimpers.

The Owner screams as he passes by overhead. This happens later in the season.

The Owner screams distantly, then grows louder as it seems to whoosh past the lobby.

THE MANAGER (CONT'D)
Something that's familiar with pain and horror is coming. Something that's suffocating the room. I can't see the halls anymore. I can't see the elevator bank.

The darkness is resting it's fing on the sofa-back cush ons. I ping around the

Fish!Manager

The gibbering beast's moans are diluted with what sounds like the Lobby Boy muttering and weeping. Or is that a guest? A monster? Nay, it is the Lobby Boy being dreamed painfully to life.

magined blinks between the Hotel taking a new shape I can hear them crying out and pleading. Phosphate screams that fade
before I can quite hear them fully. They come off of nothing, silently.

i love that line.

A slow, rhythmic ticking begins, then fades.

THE MANAGER (cont'd)
We wait patiently for the Gu present them to us. My Lobby pressed and polished too, bu will push his shadows to fai He waits on the other side o front desk, eyes as alert as yet, for him. He's glancing nervously. Eyes lapping up and corner, except the front Right now the lobby entrance double frosted glass doors, could be anything. Anywhere. barely moving his head, just shooting, shifting nods trying every where at once. He's trying keep me from seeing. As if ther anything he could keep me from seeing. The boy is sweating. I my stomach turns, just a little, the discovery.

Something is gurgling wetly in the lobby.

THE MANAGER (cont'd)
It won't do to have a nervous, sweaty case handle our very first guest of the night. Not unless I want the guest to run right back out. Not unless I want them to feel disgusted and uneasy as soon as they step foot in the Hotel. I step out of my office and into the front desk and I make sure he can hear my shoes click like something dripping onto the polished floor.

Her shoes do so.

4. AGCI

The Manager still has some of her SI contempt and control with the Lobby Boy. She has no one to scare yet but him. It's like she can't control it. She is programmed for pain and horror. But there is an element of exploration and discovery here. They are finding their dynamic together. The one they will share in S1.

THE MANAGER (cont'd)
He stiffens, not too much, too much and I would notice. He stops looking and stares into empty ep into the emptiness and back at him.

THE MANAGER (cont'd)
him. I stare at him while or me to give him an order. any indication of what I o do. He sweats even more. tep closer and he begins to bly trembile.

A single footstep.

THE MANAGER (cont'd)
Some part of me feels a revulsion almost a fear towards this Lobby Boy. I take another step closer, pushing into his eyes to probe for what is causing his fear.

ootstep. The Lobby Boy breaths raggedly as he

THE MANAGER (cont'd)
Whatever he sees in my eyes scares him worse, and tears start rolling down his cheeks. But still, he refuses to move or speak until he's sure to do what the Hotel needs him to. I give him my handkerchief and he looks so relieved I have to take another step closer to snap his back.

The creature gibbers as it enters.

THE MANAGER (CONT'D)
I return to my place behind the front desk and welcome her in. She hobbles forward, using her long pale limbs for awkward support. Her blank, rolling eyes fixed on nothing and everything as something red drools out of her puckering mouth. The Lobby Boy tries to take a step backward as I push the check in book toward the guest with one hand and grab his arm with the other.

The Owner's scream streaks past the lobby and the music switches to The Lobby Boy's.

LOBBY BOY
-but before she...or even open her mouth that...thing...the thing raised one of its tubbed arms and

The gibbering becomes awful bellowing as it clubs the Manager to death again with wet thuds and meaty tears.

LOBBY BOY (CONT'D)
I've never seen anyone kill the guests die. I don't know what I'

There goes the Owner again! Right as we transition to the LB. Right before she dies again. He understands the lies and performance he's being asked to pretend to see. But like the Owner he fears it and runs from it. And of course, death is waiting for him there too.

THE LOBBY BOY (cont'd)
In the Hotel there is only death. Only ever death. But still I run to the second floor, where the floor is covered in carpet. The floor with the guest rooms.

The elevator DINGS again and the doors open, and the pulsing sound swallows it all.

The Hotel theme plays over credits.

The show's first sort of 'trilogy' of episodes. These 3 explore the repetitive dull horror of the staff's life cycle and the futility of their situation (and our own).
It is very very reflective of a woman who is writin the show in summer of 2020 and has not left her apartment in months with no hope of leaving it any time soon.

The Hotel flexing her walls and winking her lights at the LB for the first time.

like filthy teeth, standing guard over a heavy shag tongue. I walk down the hallway straight ahead. The lights on the walls seem to dim, just a little bit, when I pass by.

Electricity flickers and hum. The walls flex and stretch.

THE LOBBY BOY (cont'd)
Like a wink. Like a quite muscle, flexing with me, pushing me slowly... somewhere. Sometimes the Hotel has halls with lots of turns and dead ends. Sometimes it's a wide, smokey alley, full of dim casino noises. Sometimes it's outside, a single path along the bungalows. I've seen every kind of hallway there is. This is one of the ones that's just long. I can't quite see the end, or even tell if it's bright or dark ahead.

Flickering and flexing.

Rows of green doors, gold numbers, and someone stepping off the elevator.

The fire continues to burn in his mind. At the end of the hall, the elevator DINGS.

THE LOBBY BOY (cont'd)
I try to shout but, my room door is already closed. My room is dark. My room is small and empty. I stay by the door. I know it will not open again. I wonder if I will try to open it later. Hope will fail me, I know. The fear won't. It never does. I wait for the hope to come, dreading it. I stand in the dark for I don't know how long. I resisted it as long as I could. It was a very long time. But it still came. It wasn't much. Barely a flicker. I almost wasn't aware of it before it was gone. A small, ...

His room being dark and empty and staying by the door is something we'll see with him later in his supply closet. Even the staff gets tucked away into rooms

I stare into the ... flickers again and I'm pushed ... room a little deeper.

The Lobby Boy's music plays.

The elevator DINGS and the doors open.

THE LOBBY BOY
I step off the elevator and hold the door for the guest, but...

The doors close. The halls creak and stretch.

THE LOBBY BOY (cont'd)
there is no guest. I'm alone. The halls spoke out in endless starburst tracks from the elevator doors and I do not know which way to go. I do not know, I do not know. Down the hallway directly ahead, I think I see...

'I do not know, I do not know' is Chilton from Bryan Fuller's Hannibal. I definitely sent Mark a clip to get the read I wanted.
The gibbering creature gibbers again. Maybe the LB is remembering what he just saw. Maybe it's there watching him. Maybe there isn't a difference.
The halls stretch out the same way the Manager's cabin did. Both complete with their own fire.

THE LOBBY BOY (cont'd)
... which hallway I choose. If I should be showing a guest to their room. I should be preparing.

Creaking, flexing.

The front desk bell DINGS and the Hotel pulses ...

THE LOBBY BOY (cont'd)
Oh god. I run. I don't want it to get me. I don't want it to touch me. Without anywhere to go, I run.

Footsteps are suctioned onto wet carpet.

Owner screaming again, yet the LB identifies it as himself.

The elevator DINGS and the doors slide open as the Owner's scream whooshes past.

THE LOBBY BOY (cont'd)
I run faster. I want the soot black ceiling to take me. I want to ...

THE LOBBY BOY (cont'd)
But when one of the other Lobby Boys meets my eye in the elevator, he just shakes his head quickly. "Forget," his eyes say. "Don't think," they say. "Go thru the paces with me, and maybe you won't be the one to die. This time." But I always do. I always die.

A candle falls over and t...

THE LOBBY BOY (cont'd)
Why do I look so afraid, if I'm not the one who has to burn? But I am the one who has to burn. And the one who has to close the door. I'm the only one here.

The elevator dings off key and the doors open.

THE LOBBY BOY (cont'd)
When I step off the elevator I don't hold the door open for the guest.

The doors close.

There aren't any guests. The rooms are filled with my screams.

The Owner screams somewhere inside the Hotel.

More screams join in.

Spoilers for The Prestige.
6.8 changes the perspective of this episode a LOT.
(spoilers for that too)

Light, splintered and distant, is starlight, the many selves, of the easily blown out candlelight of humanity.

The Lobby Boy's music plays.

THE LOBBY BOY
It's dark. I've never been to this part of the Hotel. I've never gone past the guest rooms. I don't think I'm supposed to be here. I don't know because it's dark.

Twinkling.

THE LOBBY BOY (cont'd)
There are lights shining distantly, or maybe too small, but their light doesn't reach anything else. Or maybe there's nothing else to see. That doesn't mean there's nothing to fear.

The wet, rasping gurgle struggles itself into a deep voice saying "We..."

THE HOTEL
WWWEE-We haven't opened for business again yet. (***haven't opened for business again yet***)

THE OWNER
Please.

THE HOTEL
She built this place. She angled it so they could see. When I brought them here she showed them.

THE OWNER
I can't remember...

THE HOTEL
(***you don't***)You don't remember her?
(***remember her ?***)

A moaning gibber of the creature.

THE OWNER
Something in the forest...something mad from the shadows.

Hotel hunting down the staff and killing them, like the wood that took the blood of the workers, and after enough death she has voice and shape again.

The muttering and whimpering from earlier starts here, echoing backward from the LB's death at her hands.

Powers that be noises.

LOBBY BOY (CONT'D)
No no no no no no no no no no please please no no please no no please please please no no no please

Wet, ripping thuds and rending flesh tears.

The Lobby Boy's music stops.

WINGS FLAP.

The Owner's music plays.

THE OWNER
Thank you. Dispatching that creature has been long over due.

Powers that be noises.

THE OWNER (CONT'D)
No, no! I didn't mean...I only meant that I have observed room for improvement in the staff. And the guest floors have been left in ruin because of his cowardly running. Trespassing up here was the final-

Powers that be noises.

And now we transition to the Owner. Repeating some lines from 1.16 The Owner him - IV. These are overlapping moments, the same moment. 'What happened in between' can refer to the time between S1 and S3. The same Powers That Be noises transition into her voice.

The Owner's music plays.

WINGS FLAP

THE OWNER
I find myself in the third floor offices. My place here. Away from the daily minutia of management, away from the laborious deaths of the guests. Here in the maze of desks and filing cabinets. Papers with nothing on them and telephones that connect to nowhere. From here I can see everything, go anywhere. From here is where I make my reports to...

Something growls and gurgles in the dark.

I had this Earthworm Jim, Brazil, 80's commercial vision of The Owner's ultimate horror-corporate fantasy space. His domain when he wasn't using the Manager's office. A wasteland where paperwork goes to die. The garage attached to the House of Leaves, complete with its own minotaur on the wrong number of limbs. The gibbering creature has to be massive to kill the Owner, in deference to his presumed powers.

THE OWNER (CONT'D)
I let one of the candles in my mind blow out. Like a birthday wish that will never come true.

The gibbering echoes again, and it stomps loudly in the distance like thunder.

THE OWNER
I remember. I remember her cold eyes and unyielding will. The way she controlled the Lobby Boy and drew everything out of each guest. I remember her cruelty.

I try to light a thousand candles remembering her, trying to burn their memory into my eyes so that I could blind myself to the one single candle I wished on. The only memory I've ever run from. The shape of her skull, eyes fixed on nothing. Dead. Whatever it is to die, I remembered.

Cosmic Heart beats...

And like all men with great presumed power, the thing he fears most is death, which is the ultimate loss of power and possession.

We see the beginning of the Hotel's fun flirty murder personality.

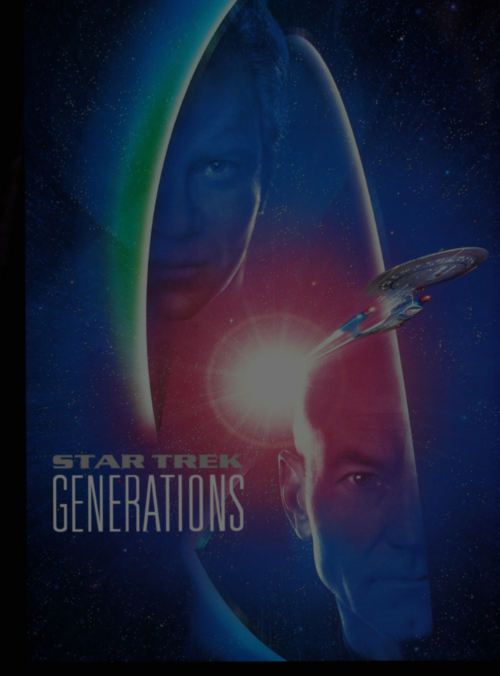
'I try to obey' is from Wrath of Kahn.

THE HOTEL
It's almost my birthday. (*it's almost my birthday*)

this gets paid off quite nicely in 6.8

The Owner getting bashed to bits during the credits was Kelly's idea.

'Time is the fire in which we burn' is a line from Generations.



The void in which the Owner gives his reports, where his power and privilege is greatest, is now his realm to traverse forever and ever. Until he learns what he's trying not to see so much that he'd rather see nothing at all. ('Nothing at all' can also describe what exactly his power and privilege is.)

And here we see the origin of his scream from the first episode.

over I repeat the words, trying to make them make sense. Trying to find the parts that stick out in sharp directions. Like a mountain crag that needs weathered down by time to dust.

So I use my time and weather it down. "I'm going somewhere. Someone is there. Someone to kill." Off in the distance, if distance matters here, I see it. "Somewhere." It's just a shape against the black, but I see it and I it takes shape in my mind as well. It's above me. It's soaring above me. It's coming closer, maybe I'm not moving at all, maybe I never was. But we move towards each other and I see it's a large open, room with marble floors. But the floor is on ceiling. Or I am. It's racing toward me too quickly! The lobby! It's the lobby of the Hotel! I remember-

A building buzz and rumble overwhelms him and he screams.

The Cosmic Heart beats.

THE OWNER
Somewhere. The lobby. The lobby. That's where she died. I've seen that already. It's burned into my memory, but I will look again. If that's what you want I will look up into the floor at her corpse forever. I walk again, to somewhere, to see someone, to see the Manager. She's already been killed. Is that what was sticking out? Is that what I needed to weather? I don't think so. I don't believe it, but I do as I'm told. Dying isn't easier the second time.

THE HOTEL
(**Yyyyyyyyou've**) You've died much more than that. You've died again, and *again, and again and again*. Here comes another one, don't miss it or we'll have to start over.

THE OWNER
I see it. Soaring overhead. I see her lying there.

'Dying isn't easier the second time' and the rebuttal also takes on deeper meaning after 6.8

cutting off the other sounds.

The Hotel gurgles and growls.

THE HOTEL
(**N-NO**) No! You're not looking. You're not paying attention. LOOK (LOOK) AT HIM.

It snarls.

The cosmic heart beats.

It is no coincidence that the lobby is ABOVE the Owner, and he must look UP to it. He is beneath it, both in utility and in this his lowest moment.

The buzzing rises and the Owner once again screams.

THE HOTEL
We have nothing but time here. (**here *here h e r e***) Time (*time time time*) and pain(*pain*), if you want it. I already understand (**everything**)everything(**everyth*gibber***)

WINGS FLAP.

THE OWNER
PLEASE! No more!

THE HOTEL
But you don't understand yet. (don't don't don't understand yet) ***Until you have an understanding*** *you will receive only pain and time*. **AGAIN!**

THE OWNER
I walk in the darkness. I walk to the lobby, because someone is there, someone to kill. I have to see to understand, I must not look away or...

The Hotel grumbles

Mark's sound design is incredible here. He set the stage for how the Hotel would end up sounding as an ensemble character.
I sent him the mind meld scene from Star Trek 2009 as a reference.

Graham says gibber different than everyone else does and that is because the Owner is a silly billy.

THE HOTEL
Darkness is the universes natural state.

MANAGER/LOBBY BOY/OWNER
We are the light, one and separate, existing briefly, extinguished and anguished.

THE HOTEL
Now, at the end then, our work can begin.

Front desk bell DINGS.

THE MANAGER
...Checking in late at night as most of our guests do...

Front desk bell DINGS off key.

THE LOBBY BOY
...the lobby is small today... dingy...

Front desk bell DINGS with decay.

THE OWNER
...even I never know what shape it'll take...

These are the staff's first lines from season 1. This season is about the cycle, both of the show and of the characters in it. This theme would be returned to again and again over the next two seasons and pays off in 6.8.

THE HOTEL
...We hope you enjoyed your stay with us. Your Hotel for the night. We hope you'll enjoy all your nights with us.